

THE  
Johnson Journal

---



March Issue

1947



# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

Vol. XXII

MID-WINTER ISSUE

No. 2

## Editorial Staff

*Editor-in-Chief* . . . . . Stephen Doherty  
*News Editor* . . . . . Joyce Gilman  
*Sports Editors* . . . . . Joyce Robinson, Marie Torpey  
*Exchange Editor* . . . . . Barbara Gallant  
*Humor Editor* . . . . . Janet Smith

### *Class Reporters*

Rita Farrell, Joan Diamont, Louise Consoli, Margaret Hickey

### *Art Committee*

Warren Finn, Donald James, Vincent Lambert

### *Proof Readers*

Nancy Ballantyne, Louise Consoli, Ruth Turner

## BUSINESS STAFF

*Business Manager* . . . . . Robert Blanchette  
*Advertising Manager* . . . . . Walter Kohl

### *Advertising and General Business Committee*

Louise Consoli, Ruth Fickenworth, Warren Finn, Marie Galvagna,  
Joyce Gilman, Robert Jordan, Joyce Robinson, Virginia Robinson,  
Muriel Schofield, Janet Smith, Barbara Stewart, Rose Torrisi, Marie  
Torpey, Margaret Tullis, Marie Broderick.

*Faculty Adviser* . . . . . Edith Pierce

### *Room Agents*

Barbara Campbell (18), Kenneth Clark (6), Harold Dushame (8),  
Donald Farrow (13), Robert Hagen (12), June Schmottlach (11).

## Table of Contents

EDITORIAL . . . . .	2
LITERARY . . . . .	4
CHATTER . . . . .	8
EXCHANGES . . . . .	13
HUMOR . . . . .	14
COVER DESIGN by Warren Finn	







## EDITORIAL

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is not something which you can hold in the palm of your hand like a ball. It cannot be thrown into a corner, left, and then brought out again and be expected to have the same value. No, school spirit is not a physical object, but rather a mental objective. To determine whether a person is going to have school spirit rests wholly with the individual himself.

A salvage drive was being conducted in which all the pupils were to participate. Yes, Johnny Jones, Davey Smith, Patsy Downs, and the rest of the high schoolers. Oh, but Susie Brown was different. She stayed home and read funny books. Why? It was quite evident she didn't care about her school and its pride.

The basketball coach sent a notice asking all girls who were interested in basketball to report to the gym. A dozen girls showed up out of approximately one hundred girls. School spirit! Where?

The fellows were out on the field, playing as hard as they possibly could after many hours of practice, but as we looked up in the stands we found a few spectators here and there. The missing links were absent, again.

These are a few of the factors which are direct opponents of school spirit. Now for a few good views of what school spirit really is:

The cheerleaders are rigged up in the traditional "Red and Black" which represents this particular school's colors. The stands are packed to the very top. The participants in

the game are encouraged to do their best. The crowd cheers when an exceptionally good play is used. The crew participates in cheering. Everyone is eager for their choice to be the leaders.

The pupils are willing to cooperate with their teachers and elders, to make their school one of the best.

A dance is being held. The whole school crowd comes. They bring others and in turn *they* bring others. The dance is a big success.

Yes, this is a real school spirit. Everyone is happy. Everyone is willing. Yes, this is the school life, too.

ELAINE CHAMPION, '48

### SNOBS (KNOW ANY?)

Some time take a day off and walk through the corridors of Johnson High School and you'll be amazed at how many nicknames different people acquire—not all of them being flattering. To define a snob is a difficult task, but in general it means a person who thinks himself just a little bit lower than God, and who lets you know by treating you as though you had not brains enough to calculate or understand anything that wonder-boy or girl does.

Let's stand here a minute and watch this snob go to work. She's a senior and how she does love it, being able to treat everyone as an inferior, because, after all, isn't she much more educated and older than any of the students—especially those miserable freshmen? But it seems that some of her own classmates don't wish to walk with her. Why? Could it be because

the other day when a sophomore had passed and greeted them, our snob would not return the greeting and embarrassed the girl by bellowing that her companion had no pride at all by speaking to that sophomore.

Also belonging to this class of professional snobs is the person who pretends not to see you. Remember how Mary waved her hand foolishly up and down till everyone thought it would drop off from over-fatigue, only to find that the person she was trying so hard to contact gave her a blank look and turned away, without so much as nodding her head or lifting a tiny finger to wave? What did that snob gain from that? Plenty. The criticism of Mary's many friends.

But don't let it startle you when suddenly a well-known snob discovers you have something she wishes—a bit of information, an object of some sort, and she comes running to you all sweetness and honey—while you wonder what has happened to make her act so down-to-earth, so human. It happens so, often.

Snobs are the most irritating, disturbing, mystifying people, but their main fault is—there are too many of them!

MARJORIE LEE, '48

---

### CLUBS

The Student Council has formed a various number of clubs for the students. These clubs will continue as long as the students cooperate with the faculty. Each student who joins these clubs should try to make an effort to conduct them successfully. Other schools have had school clubs in past years and they have proven successful. Students complain that there are not enough school activities. We have the chance now, so let's try to do a good job.

NATALIE GIGLIO, '47

### SISSY

The term sissy is used by young people from the beginning of their contact with others of their own age and is in their vocabulary for the rest of their lives. They will probably give this name to any number of unfortunate individuals, and it will not be the right word to use at all.

A boy is called a sissy more often than a girl. A sissy, as I think of him, is a person who is cowardly and is afraid to defend himself among his companions. If a new boy has come to a school, the other boys try him out by tripping him on the sly or by hiding his cap, and many other ways. Things might come to a climax if a bolder boy of the group started a fight with the new boy. Of course the former was wrong to start it, but if the new boy refused to fight and ran away, he would be a sissy in my estimation.

On the other hand, a boy is often called a sissy because he is just using good manners and being polite. He might hold the door open for a teacher, or he might wait to let some girls enter a class room first, or he might even help an old person to cross a street. The boy is not a sissy, but many people, probably ones who are jealous of his popularity, would call him one.

Thus many people unjustly call a person a name that would hurt his character only because they don't stop and analyze their choice of words.

MARY CLAIRE HICKEY, '48

---

### APPRECIATION

The *Journal* wishes to thank Joan Legare, Marie Broderick, Audrey Ferrin, Richard Dearden, and James Greene for their generous and helpful assistance during the *Journal* dance and the following morning.

STEPHEN DOHERTY, '47





## LITERARY

### THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE

The two detectives listening intently for the words of the man on the hospital bed heard him weakly say, "I am glad that you gentlemen have come. Now I can make a clean breast of something that has bothered me for ten years. Here is my story. Who knows what thoughts were racing through my brain as I stood looking over the swirling, rushing waters of Pensacola Bay? I'm sure that ten minutes later not even I knew. All that I remember is that I felt somehow, some way, I must escape. If I didn't, only ruin and prison were my outlook, for the government was sending some agents down to investigate me. They must have been pretty sure I was embezzling money, but probably wanted evidence.

"The way that I found out about this was when I overheard a telephone conversation between one of the agents and my partner.

"I still cannot remember how or when I conceived the idea of disappearing. You laugh? Ah! You were never in the position I found myself in that night. Although I had never before planned to disappear, everything I did seemed as if it had all been planned beforehand.

"Swiftly I changed my new grey suit for an old shirt and a pair of overalls which I had in the back of the car. The suit I threw into the bay, wrapped and tied, with a heavy rock as a weight. It was then that the diamond in my ring flashed and caught my eye. This and my lodge ring would be means of identifying

me, so they soon followed the clothes down into the black watery depths. Now I was free of any means of identification, so I backtracked to the highway where the car stood and took all the money I found in it, amounting to three hundred dollars, and then hitchhiked into the nearest town.

"The next day I read in the papers that the car had been found and the police were dragging the bay for my body. The articles in the paper about my disappearance continued for about a week, getting smaller each day until finally there were no more, and I knew that I was surely thought dead.

"For three years I roamed around the U. S., Canada, and finally South America. It was there that I happened on a month-old copy of the *Pensacola Gazette* and read the article about the fisherman who had caught a shark and, upon cutting it open, had found a man's clothes and two rings, that had been identified as mine. Upon reading this, a queer tingling feeling ran through me. Imagine being alive many miles from home and reading about your supposed horrible death at the teeth of a shark.

"This feeling soon passed, and it was then I decided to return to the U. S. Two weeks later I stepped off the tramp steamer that I had worked my way back to the States on, walked down the wharves and onto Florida soil.

"That was seven years ago. From then until last week, when I was taken into this hospital, where it was found that I have an incurable disease and have not long to live, I roamed all

over Florida, but not out of it. For work I did all sorts of odd jobs. Well, gentlemen. you asked how I could be a man that was supposed to have died ten years ago. I hope you are satisfied. Now, if you please, I would like to spend these last minutes alone with my wife."

VINCENT LAMBERT, '47

### LOVING FORGIVENESS

Jane's twelve year old brother stood crosslegged in the doorway of her room and started to ask, "Jane, will ya let me — ?"

Jane interrupted before he could finish his sentence, "No, you can't!"

"Can't do what?" he inquired in an innocent tone.

"You know what!" she exclaimed. "Like taking my best perfume and mixing it with some powder of your chemistry set to see what kind of a noise it would make. That's all," she whined.

"Gee, a fella's got to do something like that if he wants to be a scientist and invent something like the atomic bomb," he stammered.

"Well, I'm just telling you now, Jeffrey Peters, scientist or no scientist, you experiment with your own stuff," she warned.

When Jane went out that night, Jeffery crept up the stairs on tip-toe, went into her room and took her most cherished lipstick. He went to work by taking the lipstick out of the tube and stirring it with a liquid from his set. "Boy! When I do things like this, I can just see myself being the greatest scientist living."

The next morning Jane yelled, "Mom, do you know where my Rubenstein lipstick is?"

"Isn't it in your dresser drawer?" she replied.

"No," mumbled Jane.

But in the kitchen a confession was being made. "I feel terrible 'cause I

took it, Mom," Jeffery murmured. "What will she say?"

"You go right upstairs and apologize, young man," demanded Mother in her stern voice.

He walked up the stairs slowly and interrupted her singing, "Well, you see, it's this way," he explained. "I want to be a scientist and to be a scientist you have to experiment with lots of beautiful things like yours," he flattered, "and, besides, Christmas will be here soon," he said angelically.

"I guess Christmas is the time when brotherly and sisterly love is applied," she said as she threw him a kiss.

DOROTHY C. ALVINO, '50

### OUR BURGLAR

"Crash!" sounded the big pan on the stove, with a hollow sounding echo which rang through the little country shanty, awakening Grandpa and leaving him in a frightened trance for what seemed a year. He looked nervously about and then leaned over the second occupant in the bed and whispered shakingly, "Maw, do you think the draft in the window is bad enough to knock the pan off the stove?"

"Crash!" resounded the same ghostly sound as it vibrated through the house. This second sound awoke the third sleeper in the house, who happened to be myself. I didn't make any motion or sound to show that I was awake, because I figured that if I kept quiet, the burglar wouldn't harm me. But with this second noise, Maw suggested that Grandpa go down-stairs and investigate the mysterious noise. On his way down the stairs he grabbed his sixteen-gauge shot-gun and clutched it tightly under his arm. He drew nearer and nearer to the light switch and finally snapped it on quickly. Mousy, the huge gray



cat, jumped from the pan in which  
he had just made his bed, and ran  
fleetly through the hole in the screen  
door and out into the inky blackness  
of the night.

DAVID H. TWOMEY, '50

### NIGHT NOISES

The wind sang softly through the  
trees.

It whistled up the hill.

It sighed and groaned around the  
house,

Then suddenly was still.

The cold, black night lay silently

As I clung to my bed.

My hand felt cold and clammy

Like those which had been dead.

And once I heard a hoot-owl scream.

I now felt not a fright.

I knew these were the noises

Of a long, cold, winter night.

DAVID BALZUIS, '50

### BALLAD

Someday I'd like to take a trip

Around this weary world

On a very large unpainted ship

With one bright flag unfurled.

And on this trip I'd only think

Of life and joy and beauty,

And then when I had reached firm  
land

I'd again think of my duty.

I know some day I'll take this trip

With the one bright flag unfurled,

Because I know no greater feat

Than a trip around the world.

JUSTINE CYR, '50

### LIMERICK

There was a young man in jail  
Who wanted to study at Yale.

He sat on a spoon

And rode to the moon,

And they picked him up in a pail.

JOAN LEIGHTON, '49

### CAROL

This is the season of the year

When hearts are full of joy;

For long ago in Bethlehem

Was born a little Boy.

The Angels rose in glad rejoice

And praises they did sing,

For a manger in a stable low

Cradled the Lord and King.

His birth was heralded by a star

Which over the stable did shine,

And when seen by the shepherds in  
the field,

They took it as a sign.

They left their sheep and travelled  
long

In quest of the new-born King;

And when they found him they knelt  
down

With the presents they did bring.

EDITH MASSEY, '50

### THE SNAIL

The snail goes very carefully

Along the garden walk;

He doesn't sing or jump about;

He cannot even talk.

His progress is very good, you know,

Though very, very slow,

And you must watch him all day long

To find out where he'll go.

No crisis ever flurries him

As on his way he creeps,

And when decisions must be made

He looks before he leaps.

WILLIAM SMITH, '49

### A HAZARDOUS RIDE

One day as I came galloping home

Upon my favorite horse,

An obstacle there met my eye:

The highway we had to cross.

The cars were coming to and fro

Up and down each lane.

My mare was dancing on hind legs  
As though she were in pain.

All of a sudden there came a break  
In the cars that were going by.  
I thought to myself, "Here is my  
chance;  
I'll get across or die."

At last I reached the other side,  
And, oh, how relieved was I,  
For just as we had gotten across  
More cars came streaming by.

I galloped swiftly into the yard  
And quickly unsaddled my horse.  
Another ride was over once more  
And the highway we had crossed.

MARGARET HICKEY, '50

---

#### SUNSET TIME

The sea-gulls soared across the sky,  
Then skimmed along the land;  
They dipped and soared while  
breakers roared.  
This scene to see was grand.

The scarlet sun now sank from view,  
The white sea-birds were gone;  
And they would not return again  
Until the golden dawn.

And so I turned my back upon  
That cold, bleak, icy sea;  
And I could hear it whispering,  
"Farewell, farewell," to me.

RUTH SANFORD, '50

---

#### MISS YOU

There's a vine covered cottage  
By a rippling stream,  
Where one can sit,  
And one can dream.  
The birds and the flowers  
Are heaven to see.  
Yet there's one thing lacking:  
You're not with me.

RUTH FICKENWORTH, '47

#### SNOWBOUND

The clouds in dreary forms arose  
Against a dreary sky.  
The wind came up, the sun went  
down,  
A winter storm was nigh.

The snowflakes flew in starry forms  
Across a blackened sky;  
The sun was gone and a frightened  
look  
Was in our father's eye.

It snowed and snowed for days on  
end.  
The days were cold and dense.  
The fuel was low, the food was  
scarce;  
These things we all could sense.

The snow, it covered everything,  
From our bridge to the captain's  
dory.  
The barn which had seemed tall to us  
Was now just the second story.

And still the wretched snow, it came,  
The fields were a wondrous sight,  
With only a misty sky above  
To break the monotonous white.

Then it dawned, that blessed day;  
The sky above was blue!  
The sun above shone on the snow;  
The snow no longer flew!

MARILYN CHASE, '50

---

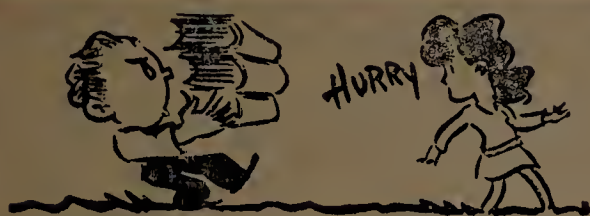
#### MY DOG

He's just a little puppy dog  
With funny sprawling feet;  
And, oh, his tail does wag so hard  
When I come down the street.

He's just a naughty little dog,  
But, oh, I love him well;  
And not one waggle of his tail  
Could I be hired to sell.

DORIS PINEAU, '49





## CHATTER

### GIRLS' SPORTS

Hi, all you guys and gals! Well, it's time once again to give you all the latest scoops on sports here at J. H. S.

#### *Football Banquet*

Rah! Rah! Rah!

With games won, and cheering ended, we concluded our 1946 football season with a splendid banquet given in our honor by the North Andover Eclectic Club.

This banquet has become a favorite tradition here at J. H. S. But this year something new was added. For the first time in the history of Johnson, the cheerleaders were invited to attend this festivity. It was a great honor for us, and all of us had a wonderful and unforgettable time.

#### *Come One, Come All!*

Pass it! Shoot it! Dribble it along the floor! Come on, Johnson, raise that score!

Yes, basketball is in full swing now and we hope to see every single student at every game. You know, kids "school spirit" is a grand phrase, and it stands for so many high ideals. By coming to the games and cheering your team on to victory, you are just as important in the winning of that game as the team is. To really play a game well and win it, you have to know what you're fighting for. And if you can look around the gym and see all the happy and anxious faces of your classmates, you know then that you're fighting for them and your school. Soo-ooo-oo, Look Out, Victory! Here we come!

#### *Co-Captains Elected*

At a meeting of the girls'

basketball squad, under the expert coaching of Miss Fitzgerald, co-captains were elected. They need no introduction to you, as all of you must know them for the swell, all-round kids they are. Yep! You've guessed it. None other than Joyce Gilman and Denise Blanchette. Congrats to you, from all of us.

#### *Boosters' Club*

The main topic of conversation at Johnson these days is the new clubs that are being formed.

I overheard a few pals asking questions about the Boosters' Club. Well, kids, this is a club which is concerned with all our sport activities that go on at J. H. S. They discuss and solve any problems concerning sports: such as the equipment that might be needed in the gym, the seating facilities for basketball games, new uniforms for the athletes, etc. In short, this club tries to raise money from the people to help the athletic association.

#### *Johnson vs. Howe*

The Johnson girls' basketball team travelled to Howe, Billerica, January 22, and played a good, hard game, only to be edged out by a few points.

In the first quarter, our team led, 6-2, and at the half, 9-6. Displaying unified teamwork and fine sportsmanship, our girls played hard to tie it up, 11-11, at the end of the third quarter. However, the Howe girls strengthened in the last few minutes of the game, and they dropped in a few long shots, making the final score 20 to 13.

Team 1 — Joyce Gilman, Denise Blanchette, Janet Smith, Marie Tor-



pey, Joyce Robinson, Jessie Gucciardi and Joan Connors.

Team 2 — Joan Reilly, Joan Diamont, Lucy Gucciardi, Kay O'Keefe, Justine Fitzgerald, Elaine Champion.

Congratulations to the new basketball cheerleaders, namely: Joan Jacobs and Edith Massey. We're proud of you two kids, for you've been at every game. We would like very much to see the other cheerleaders at the games also. So how about it, kids?

#### *Victory Over Dracut*

As an enthusiastic crowd cheered them on, the Johnson girls won their first league game, against Dracut High School, 26-15.

Jessie Gucciardi did brilliant work in handling the ball and tallied twelve points. Joan Connors played likewise and dribbled down the floor, collecting four points, while Joyce Robinson netted ten.

#### *Victory Again — Over Punchard!*

When the girls' basketball team won their first game, they were naturally very excited, but even more so this time, as it was against our rival, Punchard High School.

Each girl made a good showing of herself, and teamwork was prominent. Marie Torpey collected eleven points, Jessie Gucciardi eight, Kay O'Keefe four, and Joyce Robinson thirteen. Although the guards do not receive points, they are definitely an asset to our team and the real backbone.

Well, that's all the sports gossip this time. See ya at the games, kids!

JOYCE ROBINSON &  
MARIE TORPEY, '47

#### BOYS' BASKETBALL

The spring issue of the *Journal* will have a complete summary of the entire season for boys' basketball.

Meanwhile, we're all rooting for the team.

#### JOHNSON'S LOSS — SUFFIELD'S GAIN

There were certainly a lot of sad, gloomy faces last month when Ricky Carvell passed in his books. He needs no introduction to you, gang, because he is well remembered for his spectacular work on the gridiron. I can't recall the many times that Rick saved the day by darting like a flash of lightning down the field for a touchdown.

The Senior Class ran a surprise party for him the night before he left. Surprise is right! Red Lovejoy and Hal Allison brought him here to see Mr. Hayes about his marks. Can you imagine coming to see the principal at night? Like a hungry fish he took to the bait, and was he surprised when all the kids greeted him in the hall! Rick stood in the same spot with his mouth open in amazement until one of the gang reminded him of it. Some of the girls brought tasty sandwiches, and Bob Jordan supplied music (free of charge; now, that's what I call a friend) for dancing. Herb Wild presented Rick with a purse of money and then he gave one of those long-winded speeches—that's a joke, son! Stage fright, Rick? Enough about this farewell scene —

All of us here at J. H. S. miss you, Rick, and we hope that you won't forget us — but our loss is Suffield's gain. Good luck from all the gang.

JOYCE GILMAN, '47

#### D. A. R. AWARD

Congratulations are in order for Barb Campbell for winning the Daughters of the American Revolution Award. I can't think of anyone who could have received it and deserved it as much as you. We, the Senior Class, are really proud to have you as a member. Good Luck!

JOYCE GILMAN, '47

## MID-YEAR HONOR ROLL

*Six Honors*—James Greenler, Louise Consoli, Justine Fitzgerald, Florence O'Keefe, June Schmottlach.

*Five Honors*—Mary Finn, Jacqueline Meserve, Margaret Hickey.

*Four Honors*—Robert Blanchette, Rosalie Camasso, Eleanor George, Nancy Ballantyne, Leon Wood, Mary Clare Hickey, Arthur Forgetta, Cornelius Heijn, Rosemary Macklin, Anthony Forgetta, Joan Reilly.

*Three Honors* — Joyce Gilman, Muriel Schofield, Lucy Gucciardi, Ruth Turner, Jane Leighton, Janet Knightly, Mary Ranfone.

*Two Honors*—Barbara Campbell, Rita Farrell, Joyce Robinson, Janet Smith, Marie Torpey, Marie Consoli, Robert Gordon, Francis Connors, Bernadette Vose, Rose Torrisi, Viola Nicosia, Jean Mahoney, Barbara Gillespie, Gustave Weigel, Arthur Awley, Daniel Driscoll, Ruth Davis, Joan Diamont, John Kasheta, Edith Massey, Dorothy Alvino, Rae Long, Ruth Thomson.

*One Honor*—William Carter, Agnes Doherty, Mary Frechette, Alice Tardiff, Nancy Connell, Mary Chamberlin, Elaine Champion, Dorothy Black, Frances Ippolito, Jacqueline Lundgren, Margaret Twomey, Richard Fleming, James Greene, Martha Kane, Charlotte Killam, Marie Broderick, Gilbert Lundquist, Robert DeAdder, Dorothy Dushame, Constance Chadwick, Judith Chadwick, Charlotte Hutton, Harry Thomas, Joan Richards, Jean Arlit, Eva Lundquist, Raymond Lewis, Andrew Alvino, Peter White, John Kooistra.

## GIFT OF CHEMISTRY BOOKS

Arthur Phillips, '34, now of New York, recently gave to the school, eight books. Three of these, "Textbook on Heat," Smith's "College Chemistry," "Chemistry of Organic Compounds," are in the high school

library. "Introduction to Physical Optics," "Text book on Fire Assaying," "Physical Chemistry for Colleges," "Experiments," "Physical Chemistry," and "Quantitative Analysis" were passed to Stevens Memorial Library, where they might have more use. We thank Mr. Phillips for this addition to our library.

## NEW PUPIL

Johnson High has welcomed a new male member to the Junior Class. Hailing from North Bridge High School, Jack Kooistra comes to Johnson with opinions and impressions which he willingly gives.

But first, a word about "le monsieur." Jack is a tall, well-built, good-looking individual, with brown hair and eyes. He's an outdoor man, going particularly for his favorite sports, hockey and football. He likes dancing. Of the three choices, he prefers brunettes. His intellect centers on sciences, so all you Madame Curies, bring yourself out in the light.

And now, opinions.

Opinion of Johnson High girls, "Not bad." (Higher than that of girls at North Bridge.)

Opinion of Johnson dances, "Very well carried out, but not enough polkas."

Opinion of bobby sox and boxy sweaters, "Do not disapprove if articles are neat and clean, but would rather see stockings on a girl."

Opinion of school, "Very good." (Considering that North Bridge is the same size as Johnson.)

Opinion of the faculty, "All very cooperative and considerate; likes the women teachers." (All the teachers at North Bridge were men.)

Well, girls, that's all the information which can be revealed. From now on, you're on your own!

LOUISE R. CONSOLI, '48



### NEW STUDENT

Recently the Freshman Class had an addition to it, Harry Beckwith. He came to us from Clinton High School. He is not a stranger here in Turkey Town, because he lived here before he moved to Clinton. He said to me, "Gee, it's good to be back!" He is a rugged boy and loves all types of sports except baseball. He is interested in dancing, and, as this is not a common trait among the younger boys, get hep, girls, and make sure he has a good time. And so, Harry, good ole' J. H. S. welcomes you.

JOYCE GILMAN, '47

### INTRODUCTIONS

One of the most popular sophomore girls is Marjorie Schofield. She made the basketball team in her freshman year and is still going strong. She spends much of her time collecting classical records. Marj is also outstanding in other school activities. She is vice-president and a home room representative for the sophomore class. Be sure, kids, to add Marj to your must-know list.

JOAN DIAMONT, '49

\* \* \*

This is a sketch of one of our popular freshman girls, Dorothy Alvino. She is the secretary and treasurer of the freshman class.

Dot came to North Andover when she was in the third grade and attended the five following years at the Albert Thompson Grammar School. She went all through the fourth grade without once missing a day. In the eighth grade she was a member of the girls' softball team and helped win many victories for them. When graduating from grammar school, she was the salutatorian of her class, missing the top honors of valedictorian by one-half point.

As we all know, each year the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution award their medal to an outstanding pupil in both conduct and scholarship. The vote of both the teachers and children showed that it was Dorothy who would receive it.

When she entered Johnson High, she was elected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer. She is also one of Johnson's honor roll supporters.

MARGARET HICKEY, '50

### STUDENT COUNCIL ADOPTS CLUB PROGRAM

The latest project of the Student Council is a club program. It has been decided that two periods every Monday will be devoted to clubs. All pupils had their first, second, and third choice of the club in which they wanted to be a member, and Mr. Hayes and Mr. Donovan have tried to satisfy everyone.

This program is similar to ones held before in the school, but they have not been in operation for at least six years.

The following is the list of clubs and teachers directing them:

Etiquette Club, Miss V. Chapman; Hobby Club, Miss C. Chapman; Sub Deb Clubs, Miss Fitzgerald. Miss Buckley, Miss Torpey, Miss Sheridan; Chefs' Club, Miss Neal; Dramatic Club, Miss Donlan; Model Builders' Club, Mr. Vincent; Art Club, Miss Butler; Boosters' Club, Mr. Lee; Debating Club, Miss Callanan; International Relations, Miss Cook.

RITA FARRELL, '47



## MISS DUBRULE ENJOYED

Last month we welcomed the latest addition to our faculty, Miss Noelia Dubrule. We were very fortunate, indeed, in having such a well-schooled French teacher, who was formerly head of the French Department at Lawrence High.

From a recent interview with Miss Dubrule, we pupils will be happy to hear that we have been considered very coöperative and eager to learn. She believes that the majority of pupils at Johnson have ambition and capability to study and learn. However, the one defect which she neatly hangs on us is our atrocious vocabulary and outrageous spelling. I certainly feel she's justified, because I've heard that report frequently lately, and from three different teachers.

Now, rally your drooping ego; let's not have one imperfection mar Miss Dubrule's good opinion of us. We'll give a hearty welcome to a new French teacher and try to efface one big defect which is so predominant even our newcomers notice it.

LOUISE R. CONSOLI, '48

## JOURNAL DANCE

The annual yearbook benefit dance was held Friday, January 17, in Stevens hall. This dance was semi-public. Co-chairmen of the committee were Stephen Doherty and Robert Blanchette.

Other committees were: Tickets, Joyce Gilman, Joyce Robinson, and Walter Kohl; decorations, Barbara Gallant, Rita Farrell, Janet Smith, Marie Galvagna, Ruth Turner, Nancy Ballantyne, Marie Torpey, Joyce Gilman, Joyce Robinson, Walter Kohl, and Stephen Doherty.

## FRESHMAN-SENIOR DANCE

The Freshman-Senior Dance this year was a horrible flop. Here and there (mostly there) the floor was sprinkled with a few faithful couples. The kids who did attend had a barrel of fun. If my memory serves me right, some of the seniors were exercising their gams with a few new dance steps! (But, oh! the morning after! Right, Bob and Jan?) Of course, jolly George Stewart was displaying his talents jiterbugging. H'm'm, what's this, a clue?

The freshmen enjoyed the Virginia Reel. Remember that? From now on I'm going to call it "The Floor Sweepers' Hop." This year's dance ought to teach the Senior Class of next year not to have a Freshman-Senior Dance, but a different program. Do all of you remember Stunt Night last year? Fun, wasn't it? I'm wondering why we didn't have one this year.

JOYCE GILMAN, '47

## CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The following Christmas program was conducted at Johnson High School on Friday, December 20, 1946. The program was under the direction of Miss Betty James of the music department. Robert Jordan acted as announcer. Following the program all pupils enjoyed refreshments provided by the teachers of the High School with the assistance of the cafeteria staff under the direction of Miss Marie Murphy.

*Orchestra* (March) "All American"  
*Violin Solo* "On Wings of Song"

Mary C. Hickey,  
accompanied by Margaret Hickey  
*Reading* "Xmas Shopping with Billy"  
Marilyn Caliri

*Vocal Solos* "One Song"  
"Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah"  
Marilyn Chase

*Reading*

"A Simply Wonderful Christmas"

Joan Reilly

*Reading* "Cousin Betsy's Bath"

Mary Finn

*Girls' Glee Club* "Cantique Noel"  
"White Christmas"

*Christmas Carols*

Sung by student body

*Orchestra* (March) "On Parade"

## MEMBERS OF ORCHESTRA

Mary Hickey, Ann Hickey, Helen Hogan, Marjorie Blodgett, Barbara Deighan, Joanne Kmiec, Patricia Bartose, Joseph Cushing, Harold Allison, Janet Knightly, Donald Alexander, Albert Belanger, Arnold Sarcione, Jack Kasheta, Robert Acciord, Richard Mooradkanian, George Knightly, Donald James, Mary Finn, Shirley Wilcox, Louise Lamprey.



## EXCHANGES

Greetings and hallucinations, fellas and' gals. This month the papers have been pouring in from all around, and all of them are, oh, so interesting.

*Blue and White*, from Methuen:

You have some of the cutest jokes. That tip on "Advice to the Lovelorn" column would be a good idea, don't you think?

\* \* \*

Mr. Lee: "Name the principal bones of the head."

Jordan: "The bones of the head consist of the frontal, two sidals, one topal, and a backal."

*Killion:*

This is another paper just brimming over with news. Your Senior Formal must have been a great success, and the hall must have looked beautiful. Congratulations!

*Brown and Gold*, from Haverhill:

While glancing through the paper I chanced to come upon this poem that I thought you would all enjoy:

## ODE TO SENIORS

Outa my way!

Move over, there!

I warn ya, Sophomore,

Get offa that chair!

Respect your elders —

Kneel down and bow;

We run dis joint —

'Cause we're Seniors now!

*Lasell Leaves:*

It's, oh, so interesting,

The articles are fine;

According to your paper,

You have quite a time.

Hope you like it . . .

*Ægis*, from Beverly:

This paper holds your interest all the way through. Your editorials were very good.

*Skool Nooz:*

It's truly solid. Stan did a good job on "How I Would Dress If I Were a Girl."

\* \* \*

Mr. Littlefield: "Joan, what is this 60 on your report card?"

Joan: "Do you suppose it's the temperature of the school room?"

*Archon*, from South Byfield:

They have some of the nicest pictures, and of course the rest of the magazine is fine, too.

BARBARA GALLANT, '47





## CHUCKLES

Greetings, Gang:

Open the door, Richard, and let me in to let you in on a few rib ticklers that I picked up. Come on, kids, grin and share it. Here goes:

In Milwaukee a "blind" beggar was arrested when a policeman noticed him reading a newspaper. "I wasn't reading," he pleaded; "I was just looking at the pictures."

A silly young fellow named Hyde  
In a funeral procession was spied;  
When asked, "Who is dead?"  
He giggled and said,  
"I don't know; I just came for the ride."

Druggist, showing medicine to a customer: "It's been a wonder drug for over a week now!"

Woman, shaking hands with the preacher after the service: "Wonderful sermon! Everything you said applies to somebody or other I know."

Woman in traffic court: "I was driving down Main street with my husband at the wheel."

Marie: "What's the hardest thing about learning to skate?"

Joyce: "The ice, when you come right down to it, I guess."

Bob: "Why in the world did you take a hotel room that's so far underground as this?"

Harold: "My room isn't far underground."

Bob: "It isn't, eh? I came into the lobby and kept walking downstairs

until I was stopped by John L. Lewis, who put a lamp on my head and said, 'It's okay for two weeks'."

Little Johnnie was almost through his nightly prayer.

"Bless my daddy, bless my mom, bless Aunt Bessie, and please make Philadelphia, Pa., the capital of the U. S. A."

"Why, darling!" exclaimed his shocked mother, "Why did you say such a thing?"

"Because," answered Johnnie, as he settled down for the night, "that's what I put on my examination paper:"

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy. "I'm not going to pay good money for a closet with a folding bed. If you think that just because I'm from the country —"

"Get in, lady, get in," the boy cut in wearily. "This isn't your room. This is the elevator."

A bricklayer working on top of a tall building accidentally dropped a brick squarely on the head of his helper below.

"You better be careful up there, Boss," said the helper. "You just made me bite my tongue!"

A sprightly young girl entered the crowded bus, and the young man rose promptly from his seat. The girl smiled as she held him back.

"You must not give up your seat for me — I insist," she said.

"You may insist all you like, lady," he grimaced, pushing forward again, "but I'm getting off here!"



A man who was passing a neighborhood store heard such a terrific argument going on inside that he went in to investigate. He found only the proprietor.

"Whom are you arguing with in here?" he asked. "You're all alone."

"I get bored," the proprietor explained, "so I talk to myself."

"Well," the man reasoned, "if you're talking to yourself, why do you have to argue?"

"Because," the owner retorted, "I can't stand a liar!"

Like many young couples, this one made the mistake of bringing Junior to the movies. The infant saw no reason why he should be quiet, but the manager did.

"If you can't keep the kid quiet," the manager whispered harshly, "I'll have to ask you to take your money back and leave."

Promptly the baby went to sleep.

The movie went and turned out to be one of those interminable, boring productions. The husband shifted uneasily in his seat, and finally nudged his wife.

"For goodness sakes," he moaned, "give Junior a punch!"

"What are you unhappy about?"

"I worked so hard at keeping our maid that my wife quit!"

Mother: "Well, Sally, what did you learn at Sunday School today?"

Sally: "All about a cross-eyed bear named Gladly."

Mother: "Why, Sally, are you sure that was what your lesson was about?"

Sally: "Yes, Mama. We learned a song about it: 'Gladly the Cross I'd Bear'."

Hi diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,

The cow jumped over the moon.  
Nice going, Bossy!

"Will your wife hit the ceiling when you come in this late?"

"Probably. She's a rotten shot."

Housewife: "Am I too late for the garbage?"

Garbageman: "No, lady, jump right in."

We are indebted to current publications for our "Chuckles."



Dear Miss Anthony,

I am a boy of seventeen, a senior at Johnson High School. I have a very perplexing problem. My heart thumped madly when I saw a certain girl. I finally had my golden opportunity and I took her out, only to have my heart weighted down with more aches and pains, for I knew she had no feeling for me. She gave me not one bit of encouragement, only accepting a bracelet that I presented her with at Christmas time. Ah-h-h, now I was on my way, but the cloud turned out to have a black lining, when one fatal day she stood me up. I cursed the day I ever bothered with her. Recently she asked for my forgiveness. Now, Miss Anthony, my problem is, should I be friends with her again?

"Troubled"

\* \* \*

Dear Troubled,

Before you step into this world on your own, you must learn to grin and take it. You will have a lot of girls stand you up in your time. Mark my words! Have fun and be friends with everyone.

Miss Anthony

Dear Miss Anthony,

I am a boy sixteen years old and in the junior class. For several months everything has been tops, but now I am faced with a very serious and baffling problem. I have battered my brain to threads, and now I am asking your needed advice.

My sophomore girl friend, who is cute and loads of fun to go out with, is suddenly having a change of mind. She still goes out with me occasionally, but she doesn't seem to enjoy my company as before. I like her very much, Miss Anthony. Will you please tell me how I can win her affections again?

"Whitie"

\* \* \*

Dear Whitie,

Again I give you the advice that I give many others. Find someone new, play the field. You are both too young to be getting serious. Remember, variety is the spice of life. She believes it. Why not you too?

Miss Anthony

Dear Miss Anthony,

I am a senior girl who had never been interested in the opposite sex until a certain veteran walked into my English class. When he sits near me, my heart soars to a rapidity that

is uncontrollable. There is only one conflict, that being that he is married. What should I do?

"Hopeful"

\* \* \*

Dear Hopeful,

Forget him! He is someone else's property.

Miss Anthony

Dear Miss Anthony,

I am a sophomore boy and I have been in love with a junior girl for a long time. I went steady with her for almost a year and a half. But, alas and alack, all things must come to an end, and our romance did. Now all that I have are a few treasures that I have tucked away in my bottom drawer to remind me of her. I want her so much that it hurts even to think of it. How can I get her back, Miss Anthony?

"Lovey Dovey"

\* \* \*

Dear Lovey Dovey,

You must realize that girls grow up sooner than boys. In order to prove that you are a man, you must first take the bull by the horns. Ask her directly to go out, and prove that you are not a weakling. Or make her jealous! Good luck!

Miss Anthony

---

**GEO. L. GAGE CO.**

Headquarters for  
Coal, Oil, and Mason Supplies  
Oil Burners and Automatic  
Coal Stokers

41 AMESBURY ST.

LAWRENCE

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

CATERER

**HARRY C. FOSTER**

---

**CARROLL AND CONNELLY**

**COAL AND COKE**

24 LAWRENCE STREET

LAWRENCE

PHONES

6763

27882

---

**P E G ' S**

GREETING CARDS

STATIONERY

LENDING LIBRARY

COSTUME JEWELRY

COSMETICS

HOSIERY REPAIRING

364 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE

OCEAN BLVD.

SALISBURY BEACH

---

**LEADING  
THE  
FIELD**

**IN  
CLOTHES**

**Call For  
Billy Dushame**

**MACARTNEY'S**

431 - 433 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE

*Please Patronize Our Advertisers*



---

FOR SERVICE CALL

**WM. B. KENT**

**ICE & OIL CO.**

**Also Furniture Moving**

**TRUCKING OF ALL KINDS**

TEL. 29784

RES. 50 SECOND STREET

---

**KNUEPFER & DIMMOCK**

286 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE

- PIANOS
- SHEET MUSIC
- PLAYER ROLLS
- PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

**GREETING CARDS AND LEATHER GOODS**

"THE HOUSE RELIABILITY BUILT"

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**N. F. NICETTA**

**CONTRACTOR**

NORTH ANDOVER

TEL. 4306

---

ESTABLISHED 1886

**RAINCOATS**

**SPORTING GOODS**

**RUBBER FOOTWEAR**

**LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.**

464 ESSEX STREET

TEL. 25578

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**FINNERAN'S DRUG STORE**

130 MAIN STREET

NORTH ANDOVER

---

**F. J. LEONE CO.**

**Radios and Appliances**

430 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE

"THE RECORD SHOP"

---

**A. B. SUTHERLAND CO.**

**DEPARTMENT STORE**

309 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE

---

**J. VENTRE**

**LADIES' AND GENTS'**

**CUSTOM TAILOR**

**CLEANING**

**PRESSING**

**REPAIRING**

MAIN STREET

NORTH ANDOVER

---

*Please Patronize Our Advertisers*

---

# Joseph Luminello

CORDIALLY INVITES YOU  
TO HIS NEWLY RENOVATED  
BARBER SHOP  
SERVICE IN ITS HIGHEST EFFICIENCY

75 MAIN STREET

OPPOSITE THE BRADSTREET SCHOOL

---

## Davis & Furber Machine Co.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

TEXTILE MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES

**Claim Your Place Now on the List for New Machinery**

DUSTERS

SPOOLERS

PICKERS

WARPERS

CARDS

DRESSERS

MULES

NAPPERS

WOOLEN SPINNING FRAMES

"MARATHON" CARD CLOTHING — NAPPER CLOTHING

GARNETT WIRE — LEATHER RUBB APRONS

AND CONDENSER TAPES

---

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE COMPANY

NORTH ANDOVER

MASSACHUSETTS

---

*Please Patronize Our Advertisers*

---

TEL. LAWRENCE 5301

**LOUGIN'S**  
**SILK — WOOLEN — COTTON**

**Drapery and Curtain Goods**

**SLIP COVERS TO ORDER**

183 ESSEX ST., AT JACKSON ST.  
LAWRENCE, MASS.

---

**PARTRIDGE-RHODES SHOP**

FOR

**DISTINCTIVE DRESSES**

50 WALNUT AVENUE  
ANDOVER MASSACHUSETTS

---

**T. J. BUCKLEY CO.**

**FURNITURE**

284 ESSEX STREET  
LAWRENCE MASSACHUSETTS

---

**ARSENAULT'S GARAGE**

William Arsenault, Prop.

**GAS and OIL**

**GENERAL AUTO SERVICE**

CORNER PARK ST. AND STATE HIGHWAY

---



**"YOU'LL FIND IT AT TREAT'S"**

**Everything in the Line of Sports**

**Treat Hardware Corporation**

582 ESSEX STREET DIAL 5115 25 BROADWAY  
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

**"The House That Stands For Quality"**

---

*Please Patronize Our Advertisers*



---

# Scannell's, Jewelers

SUCCESSOR TO SCHNEIDER'S

314 ESSEX STREET

---

**CROSS BOOK SHOP**  
**BOOKS, GREETING CARDS,**  
**CIRCULATING LIBRARY**

19 LAWRENCE ST.      LAWRENCE, MASS.

---

**The Little Red Schoolhouse**

ROUTE 125      NORTH ANDOVER

"IT'S THE FOOD"

---

---

THE  
**JAMES P. HAINSWORTH**  
**INSURANCE AGENCY**

150 MAIN STREET      NORTH ANDOVER

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**L. IRVING NUTTER**  
**ROOFING**

---

## SUTTON'S MILL

MAKERS OF

**WOOLEN AND WORSTED GOODS**  
**FOR WOMEN'S APPAREL**

---

Hear Your Favorite Records at

**AL'S RADIO**

518 - 520 ESSEX ST      LAWRENCE, MASS.

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**PEG'S VARIETY**

188 HIGH STREET  
TEL. 21401      NORTH ANDOVER

---

---

**FOULDS' HOME BAKERY**

132 MAIN STREET      65 BEVERLY STREET

TEL. 21322

TEL. 31611

---

*Please Patronize Our Advertisers*

---

**S U L L I V A N ' S**  
**THE BIG FURNITURE STORE**

226 ESSEX STREET

---

AUTOMATIC HEAT  
OIL BURNERS  
POWER AND ROTARY  
BURNERS  
RANGE AND FUEL OILS

**H. GILMAN**

38 MARBLEHEAD ST. NORTH ANDOVER

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**CHARLES D. GLENNIE, Inc.**  
**MILK and CREAM**

TEL. 4159

---

**THE**  
**H I S P O T**  
**for**  
**BETTER FOOD**

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**A FRIEND**

---

**Meagan's Rexall Drug Store**

TEL. 28138 48 WATER STREET  
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

---

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT  
FOR EVERY SPORT

**W H I T W O R T H ' S**  
**RUBBER**  
**AND SPORTING GOODS STORE**

581 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE

---

**C H E R R Y**

**and**

**W E B B**

ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**JOE FILETTI'S BARBER SHOP**

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Arthur Roberts' Barber Shop**

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**DR. M. P. CURREN**  
**DENTIST**

---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**JOHN R. HOSKING, Stationer**  
512 ESSEX STREET LAWRENCE, MASS.  
TEL. 7929

---

*Please Patronize Our Advertisers*



---

COMPLIMENTS OF

**HOWARD E. GALLEY**

**THE TYPEWRITER SHOP, Inc.**

269 COMMON STREET

LAWRENCE

---

**The TOWNSMAN PRESS, Inc.**

4 PARK ST.

ANDOVER

TEL. ANDOVER 1943

PRINTERS OF THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

---

**THE KITCHEN**

**SANDWICHES & LUNCHES**

**GOOD SILEX COFFEE**

91½ MAIN STREET

NORTH ANDOVER

---

**BEA'S SANDWICH SHOP**

**A NAME TO REMEMBER**

**A Sandwich You Will**

**Never Forget**

283 BROADWAY

LAWRENCE, MASS.

---

**THE FURNITURE BARN**

**FINE FURNITURE**

**AT LOWER PRICES**

WILSON'S CORNER

NORTH ANDOVER

---



*Please Patronize Our Advertisers*





